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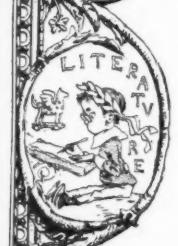
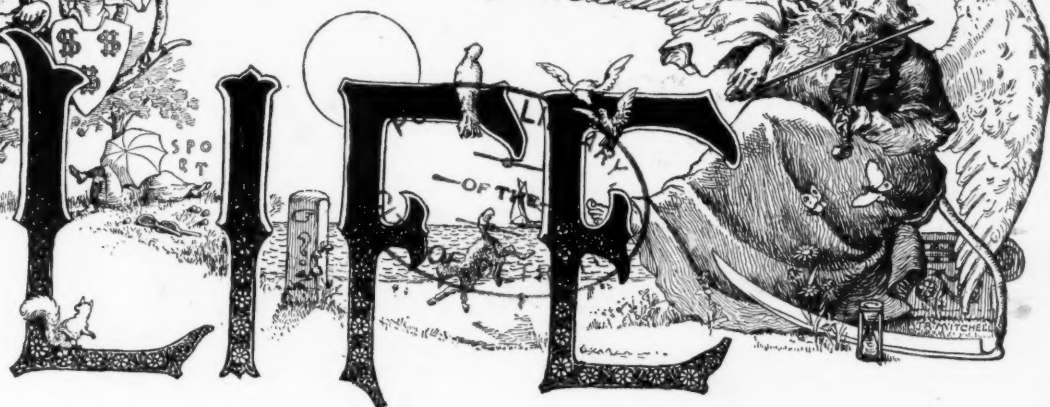
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THE LITERARY ZOO

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL was known as the best living collector of anecdotes long before he acknowledged openly his book of "Collections and Recollections." And he has kept pretty well to this function. Thus, his principal work in biography is the "Life of Sydney Smith," the raconteur and story-teller *par excellence*. Thus, too, his latest work, "Social Silhouettes" (E. P. Dutton and Company), while it is primarily a series of character sketches in the good old style that is so seldom cultivated to-day, is also a collection of anecdotes real and fictitious. Perhaps the spirit of the book, says the *Post*, can best be gathered from the opening and closing paragraphs of the last chapter:

Let us part good friends; "never forgetting" (as Thackeray said in closing his most pungent satire) "that, if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all." *Fun, Truth, Love*. These are three of the best things in the world; and now, since the conclusion of even the humblest work invites to retrospect, perhaps it is permissible to inquire whether the foregoing pages have made any contribution to the causes of Fun, of Truth, or Love. . . .

A hypersensitive author wrote lately a to critic, "I never can make out whether you are chaffing or in earnest about my books." The critic replied, "I am always both. My seriousness naturally expresses itself in chaff"; and that is an attitude which real intimacy never resents. It is a defect almost inherent in an album of Social Silhouettes, that the less admirable types tend to be the more numerous. Certainly a Picture Gallery exclusively composed of the good and great would be a rather uninteresting collection. We must find room on our walls for the villains and the adventuresses who have made so large a part of history; and it need not be inferred that the numerical proportion between good and bad in our gallery corresponds to the proportion in actual life.

IN THE opinion of Henry James, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, literature makes the world go round. Unquestionably the James brand does compel the common people to proceed spirally toward the high-perched gem of thought, rather than to lunge straight at it.

WHAT can be more mirth-provoking than the naive simplicity with which a pompous critic, who prides himself on his lynx-eyed acuteness, will sometimes walk into a trap that has been set for him. When Alexander Pope was translating Homer, he read, by request, several books of the "Iliad" to Lord Halifax—whom he characterizes as a literary coxcomb—at his house. During the reading his lordship several times stopped the poet and suggested that certain passages might be improved. Perplexed and irritated by the advice, the poet withdrew with Garth, who laughed heartily at the incident, and told him to leave the verses just as they were—to call on Halifax a month later, thank him for his criticisms, and then read again the verses to him *unaltered*. Pope followed this advice, saying to Halifax that he hoped his lordship would now find his objections removed—upon which Halifax, delighted, cried out: "Ay, now they are *perfectly* right; nothing can be better."—*Success*.

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They are affected by the constant changes in the weather and can't do their work properly.

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THE LITERARY ZOO

WHISTLER was a brilliant talker and a great debater, says Otto Bacher in *The Century*. I shall never forget my surprise when I heard him say for the first time: "Bacher, I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." I never forgot the lesson. Later I found that he had used this effectively in one of his letters to the *London World*, when he said: "Seriously, then, my Atlas, an etching does not depend for its importance upon its size. I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." He spoke French fluently, German less readily. His Italian was very good, especially under excitement, though occasionally a French word slipped in unawares, adding to the picturesqueness. I recall that he considered Poe our greatest poet.

PERISH the thought that the novelist or playwright should be tied down to historical accuracy! says the *Tribune*. Lady Dorothy Neville quotes an amusing correspondence between Bulwer Lytton and her brother:

"My Dear Walpole: Here I am at Bath—bored to death. I am thinking of writing a play about your great ancestor, Sir Robert. Had he not a sister Lucy, and did she not marry a Jacobite?"

My brother promptly replied:

"My Dear Lytton: I care little for my family, and less still for Sir Robert; but I know that he never had a sister Lucy, so she could not have married a Jacobite."

However, this mattered little to Lord Lytton, for his answer ran:

"My Dear Walpole: You are too late! Sir Robert had a sister Lucy, and she *did* marry a Jacobite."

So, in defiance of history, the play "Walpole" came to be written.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

FOLLOWING hard upon Winston Churchill's full and official biography of his father, Lord Rosebery's essay, "Lord Randolph Churchill" (Harper's), is, as he himself says, merely a sort of debt of friendship. He was much thrown with Lord Randolph, and it is personal appreciation of which his volume is made up. Political sympathy there could be little between the two men. But the audacity, the perversity, the brilliance of Randolph Churchill appeal to Lord Rosebery, if only as matter for neat description or sententious comment. Of this there is plenty given, if little real information. It is put beyond doubt, however—though it was never really in doubt—that, in the great crisis of his career, his resignation as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Randolph was merely bluffing, and did not expect Salisbury to take him at his word. Lord Rosebery declares that when the time comes for the private letters of those two to be published, there will be tidbits for intellectual gourmets. His own style retains all of its point. The long decay of Lord Randolph's faculties, along with his loss of political power, is put into this epigram: "He was the chief mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years." There are many such Roseberys in the book.

THE LITERARY ZOO

THE speech against religion made by Bernard Shaw, which recently created such a sensation in London, was too long for us to reproduce in whole, but we give here extracts taken from the *New York Times*:

"If the great congregation of cowards called the human race were to be got to disregard their own safety and interest, they must be made religious. A religious man was not one who belonged to the Church of England or who did not, and the enthusiasm of men who did not belong to that Church seemed much greater than that of men who did. Nor was he a man with a special creed. A religious man was one who had sure knowledge that he was here, not to fulfill some narrow purpose, but as an instrument of the force which created the world and probably the universe. Religion made a man courageous, and if he was not intelligent it made him extremely dangerous. In the absence of religion a coarse man had the most courage, but with religion the most fragile and sensitive became enormously courageous."

"There was no established religion on earth to-day in which an intelligent, educated man could believe."

"The great body of legend which every religion accreted around itself might be as true as 'Hamlet' was true, but to tell children that the stories of Jonah and Noah's ark were literally true was to lie; to say that they were religious truth was an abominable lie, and to say that their salvation depended on their belief in it was a damnable lie."

"If Christ had died in a country house, worth five thousand a year, everything He said would be just as true as if He had been crucified."

"The main truth that required to be taught was the powerlessness of God. If we conceived God as a moral force we must admit that apart from us He was powerless."

"Millions revolted against religion when confronted with the question, 'If God is so powerful, why is the world such a horrible place?' It was no use saying God could not be understood. A man in the dock would not be excused because he said he had some higher purpose that others could not understand."

"Another thing to remember about God was that He made mistakes. Only after many trials He had produced a man who, though only a makeshift, was at his best rather a wonderful creature."

THE hero of a story which has been told of Archbishop Ireland is really that witty churchman Bishop Talbot, "the Cowboy Bishop," whose powers of repartee and whose churchly devotion made him famous among those people of whom he has so delightfully written in his reminiscent volume, "My People of the Plains."

"Where in h— have I seen you?" demanded a rough-looking man, meeting Bishop Talbot one evening in the crowded single street of a mining town.

To which the Bishop suavely retorted, to the shouting delight of the bystanders:

"What part of h— do you come from, sir?"



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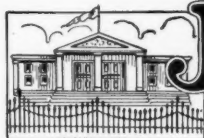


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1907

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By HELEN WOLJESKA

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The tragedy of a life told in epigrams. Grave they are, and gay, sometimes cynical and often bitter, but always with a note of defiance—and now and then a smothered sob.

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There is intense pathos in this oddly conceived journal. The epigrams reveal a nature in hot rebellion against the artificialities of civilization—a passionate soul that wished to make her own laws, to live her life in all its pagan purity of thought and deed.

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Through these epigrams one can trace the growth of a human soul. They run the entire scale of human emotions. It is scarcely ever that a woman's mind and heart are thus laid bare.

Los Angeles Times:

The journal of a keen, independent mind. Full of originality. Full of fine, beautiful, strong thoughts.

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The protest of an exuberant life against the cold conventions of existing codes. The utter frankness, sincerity and aptness of expression certainly make the little volume interesting reading.

Columbus Journal:

A brightness like that of Marie Bashkirtseff.

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The smartness of the woman's sayings is indisputable. The little Purple Book will make its own hit.



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LIFE



MATRIMONIAL
AND INTERNATIONAL

The Tireless Press

THERE is a tinge of inconsistency about the publication of Thoreau's journal, in fourteen considerable volumes. If Thoreau were alive, and knew that trees have to be cut down and Nature, his beloved

mistress, denuded to make book paper, would he stand for it? If these were Buster Brown's memoirs, it would be different. Brown we know as a lover of pie and quiet humor, but not of nature, particularly. As for the circumstance of Thoreau's jour-

nal being pretty much filled with banality; that, of course, constitutes no valid reason why it shouldn't be published.

Revised Version

PEACE, be strenuous.



DECEMBER
CAPRICORNUS





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. DEC. 13, 1906. No. 1259.

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



HAS there not been more anguish than was indispensable over the trials of Dr. Crapsey, the eminent Rochester heretic! "This is the most painful happening of my life," said Bishop Walker, as in obedience to the verdicts of two ecclesiastical courts, he deposed Dr. Crapsey from the ministry. "This is the greatest sorrow of my life," said Dr. Crapsey to his congregation, as he announced to them his impending departure.

And as if it was not enough that these two worthy men should be so sorely grieved, Mr. Edward M. Shepard did his best to induce Bishop Potter to join them in lamentation, to that end thrusting harsh language upon the Bishop of New York and imputing unkind words to him.

Good gentlemen all, be consoled. The skies have not fallen yet and won't fall for quite a spell. Dr. Crapsey has been released from a service with the conditions of which he thought it his duty not to conform. He has had an honorable discharge, which is all he could reasonably expect. Bishop Walker has got rid of his heresy case, and should be, and doubtless is, profoundly thankful. He, too, did his duty as he saw it, and though many wise observers think his discretion was at fault in allowing a heresy case to be left on his doorstep on any pretext, yet the worst that can be said of him is that he took the poor thing in and was a father to it.

Nobody has been really hurt by this much discussed case of church discipline, because nobody has been dishonored. All the characters involved are still unimpaired. Dr. Crapsey, himself, as Bishop Walker has pointed out, is still a member,

and in good standing, of the church from whose ministry he has been deposed, because those views of his which have been ascertained to be incompatible with his continuance in the ministry do not debar him from the privileges of membership. As to that, he said to his congregation:

"The laity may believe and teach what the clergy are not permitted either to believe or teach. The inevitable consequence of this situation is that the teaching office will pass from the clergy to the laity, and what the laity cares to teach and believe the clergy will have to receive, for the clergy are dependent on the laity, not the laity on the clergy."

There is much point to this observation. When it comes to weighing doctrines and adjusting new interpretations to creeds, the laity do have great advantages of position, in that no fear of personal detriment need affect their judgment. They not only may reach with impunity any conclusions that they come to, but as to many points they may hold their minds open for an indefinite time, favoring this solution, it may be, on Mondays and Fridays, and that on Wednesdays and Saturdays.



IT IS a great privilege not to have to make up your mind until you get good and ready, and then to unmake it again and think differently whenever you think you have found reason for so doing. In most concerns of theological doctrine this privilege is highly advantageous, for extremely few of the particulars which are subjects of theological controversy have any effect upon character or conduct, and as to most of them it matters really not a hill of beans which way the mind inclines. Even of some which appear to be of vital importance it may be suspected that they are not so vital as they seem, since of two conflicting hypotheses, neither of which can possibly be proved, either one may usually be accepted with profit to a pious mind, which will take it and go on. In this country at present, with so many folks so busy in stirring up class and race jealousies, we need every bit of sound religion we can get to help us to live brotherly with one another and the rest of mankind. Whenever the

clergy are too much occupied with settling points of doctrine to give us what we need, we must hope the laity will do what laymen may to supplement their labors. One layman does it regularly, to wit, the Paladin of Oyster Bay. Another one, a very eminent British layman, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, is also lending a hand. Lecturing on religion a fortnight ago in London, he said some things that still had sense in them, even after they had been mangled in transmission by cable. We trust that other laymen who suspect themselves of being competent will follow the example of these illustrious brethren and help the clergy out.



THE President is quoted as saying that he is ready to reinstate individual members of the dismissed companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, on presentation of proof that they were innocent. The general disposition of the public seems to be to spare him that trouble if only he will be so good as to furnish some proofs of their guilt. The papers quote the President as saying to his callers that he wants "evidence of nonparticipation before anything may be done." What the people want is plain, common, everyday justice, that gives every accused person a trial, and establishes that he is guilty of some punishable offense before it punishes him. The fact that the troops were colored troops does not signify at all. What makes the trouble is that the documents in the case do not justify the action taken.



DOMESTIC incompatibilities are sad matters. Publicity as to the details of them is painful, both to the parties concerned and the general public, the feelings of which are lacerated by the contemplation of woe. But when an international match in which rank has been traded for money comes down to grievous and spectacular smash, it is worth while that the reverberations of the collapse should be at least as far-reaching as the advertisement of the alliance. If, as a rule, these marriages do not pay, it is best that it should be widely known, so that their vogue may decline.



A LEE SHORE

Of Good Hope

WHY have thirty millions of people to starve, in Russia, this winter?

For the same reason, perhaps, that twenty-four millions starved in France, once upon a time; that is to say, in order that their children and their children's children might be free.

It takes want to work a revolution, and, above all, the want of food. In the French Revolution there were many voices, but the ground-tone of that tremendous performance was the scarcity of grains.

Russia writhes in pain, but if it is the pain of labor, what wise physician advises anodynes?

How They Look

THE Horticulturist—Seedy.
The Dentist—Down in the mouth.

The Nobleman—Rank.
The Traveling Man—Fast.
The Farmer—Rakish.
The Jeweler—Bright.
The Pirate—Chesty.
The Milkman—Pale.
The Barber—Trim.
The Plumber — "Just dear!"
The Soldier—Forward.

Modern

OF MODERN philosophy
Here is a peep:
Beauty is oftentimes
Only clothes deep!

No Need

"I WISH, Jane," said the fond mother to her new nurse, "that you would use a thermometer to ascertain if the water is the right temperature when you give the baby his bath."

"Oh," replied Jane, cheerfully, "don't worry about that. I don't need any thermometer. If the little 'un turns red, the water is too hot; if it turns blue, it's too cold, and there you are."

The Reversible Plot

ONE tragic phase man bravely must endure—
As a success he's oft a failure—sure;
But, even then, 'tis comic, more or less,
That, as a failure, he's a great success.

For the Glory of the Horse

OF THE success of the recent Horse Show there can be little doubt. The horse is a noble animal, and it was a real pleasure to read in the *New York Times* that one of the most gorgeous costumes seen at the show this year was worn yesterday by Mrs. C. B. A. Over a princess gown of deep green chiffon over white was a superb wrap of a darker shade, almost myrtle, trimmed with ermine. Mrs. A. wore with this a picture hat of deep green velvet, with shaded green plumes.

Naturally, there was more or less applause during the exhibition. Considerable enthusiasm was aroused by the positive knowledge that in one of the boxes were Mrs. W. P. T., in an olive green set of gray furs; Miss T. I. in black, with a hat trimmed with mauve and black tulle.

Even the horses themselves, as they moved about the ring, were stimulated to nobler deeds by the realization that Mrs. C. wore a costume of ciel blue and Mrs. G. was in pink, with a gray velvet hat



EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE

AS HE WAS



AS HE IS

trimmed with a yellow plume. She wore a rivière of diamonds.

And the music, too! the splendid animals, the fine traps and harnesses, all made for a brilliant show. And, then, Mrs. Alfred V. wore her favorite color, brown, in a deep shade, with furs, and a hat covered with dark brown plumes.

Yes, the horse is a noble animal. And those who can afford the best ones do love him for himself alone.

For Stande Patters

SINCE mennie people are soe fonde of the present style of spellynge why notte goe backe to ye periode whenne it was yette more cumbersome? Time was whenne this style of spellynge was the customme, and the majoritie of menne would have kicked mightilie at any proposal to change ytte or to modifie in ennie way yts cussednesse. In those dayes they loved lotts of letters in their wordes, as doe now the enemies of ennie chaynge.

The Dawning Era

Their (American women's) new vehicle for ancient energies will be found in philanthropy, politics, municipal government, child-saving.—*The Independent*.

THAT is, if the artificial production of life becomes a commercial success. Otherwise, those ancient energies will have to wreak themselves on philanthropy, politics and municipal government merely.

A Vague Unrest

THE PLUTOCRAT: What are you crying for, boy? Haven't you everything for Christmas that you thought of?

THE BOY: Yes. But (boohoo) I wanted some things I didn't think of.



THE RUSH HOUR



AND AS HE MAY BE

A Letter

DAYTON, OHIO.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Gentlemen—We are just in receipt of a sample copy of LIFE. You may be interested to know why we discontinued this paper and no longer keep it on our files. We appreciate the fact that in many respects it is an excellent paper and that the material shows thought in its preparation, but the character of the matter contained therein is, in our minds, open to question. The general attitude as expressed by the various articles and pictures is decidedly pessimistic, the treatment of religious subjects is flippant and lacks serious purpose, and social relations are subjected to ridicule. The subject of intoxicants is introduced in a large number of the jokes in a way that is certainly not helpful. A large part of your advertising matter sets forth the excellencies of liquors and tobacco. In the sample copy at hand 141 square inches of space is devoted to advertising intoxicating drinks.

We do not wish to be unjust in our criticism, but give you the above as our estimate of the paper and the reasons why we do not wish to continue it on our files. You undoubtedly have a serious purpose in this publication, and we would certainly appreciate your viewpoint if you care to take the trouble to give it to us.

Sincerely yours,

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

By H. J. MARTIN.

November 20, 1906.

We thank our correspondent for his courteous letter. While his objections to LIFE are appreciated—and respected—he will doubtless understand that if an avowedly satirical paper should suddenly adopt a reverential attitude toward all

matters religious and social, there might be complaint among subscribers.

As to our advertisements of intoxicants—well, that opens a wide field for argument. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, we understand, never admits to its pages any allusion to wine, tobacco or playing cards.

LIFE is not *The Ladies' Home Journal*. And yet, in our dissolute way, perhaps we do just as much good in the world.

The Unwisdom of the Ancients

"SATIN finds mischief for idle hands to do."

He doesn't. How can he, when every moment of his valuable time is taken up with laying out work for busy hands, with planning and contriving some new invention to keep the industrious going? It has always been as much as Satan could do to run panting along with the active ones of earth, and turn into channels of his own the tide of their activities. Was it idleness that fought the Thirty Years' War, or sent Napoleon's armies to Moscow? Is it idleness that pokes us out of our comfortable ways into a whirl of dust and progress? Have the gentle hands of idleness fastened the Philippines upon our backs, or sent us down to be a nursery governess to fractious little Cuba? Are the idle rich who eat early strawberries as devastating as the thoughtful and industrious rich who run up the price of mutton chops? Is it idleness that would snatch from our hands our old familiar spelling books; that, not content with depriving us of our honour and our homœopathy, refuses even to let our cats purr (as if any cat in Christendom could purr!) and that has laid impious hands upon the Decalogue? Societies for badgering the universe have never been organized by the idle. Automobiles and gramophones were not invented by the idle. Maxim guns and torpedo boats are not the pet playthings of the idle. And if Satan, with all these object lessons on his hands, finds ever a moment to spare, he isn't going to waste it hunting up some trifles of mischief for idle hands to do. The busy and capable hands of earth await his inspiration.

Agnès Repplier.

"MRS. BAKER gave a Christmas party for babies under two years old."

"Was it a success?"

"Howling."

The Suburbanite

BEHOLD the gay suburbanite,
Who tramps the muddy road.
He whistles, and his heart is light,
Though heavy be his load.

The beacon window glow he spies
Through snow and rain and sleet.
He wipes the moisture from his eyes,
And then he wipes his feet.

Inside the house he finds it dryer,
But cold. He takes a look.
The cook has failed to make the fire,
And so he fires the cook.

The larder's empty. All the shops
Within the neighborhood
Are closed. He thinks he'd like some chops,
And so he chops some wood.

His exercise is quite a strain,
With dumb-bells and with hatchet,
For he who runs to catch a train
Must train to run and catch it.

No breakfast his. With might and main
He runs. Time will not wait,
For if he's late to catch a train
The train is never late.

But when he's early on the spot,
To show its mighty power
The 7.10 train, as like as not,
Is late an even hour.

Sam S. Stinson.



A BOOMERANG

SHE THOUGHT IT AN EXCELLENT JOKE
WHEN SHE FIRST GOT HER HUSBAND TO SMOKE;
BUT SHE VERY SOON LEARNED
THAT THE MONEY HE BURNED
SERVED TO CHEAPEN HER HAT AND HER CLOAK.



FROM A NOVEL

"THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HER MANNER THAT MADE HIM
FEEL THAT SHE WAS BENEATH HIM."

From the Diary of a Hopeless Case

IT IS a good thing for me that I have gotten up every morning at six, for the last month, and ridden horseback before breakfast. Otherwise I would not have been able to stand the strain of my business. As it is, I am not so well as I ought to be.

I think, after all, that horseback riding was perhaps not quite suited to my case. And so I am now walking fifteen miles a day. Somehow I haven't gone into this with the spirit and vim that I ought to, but that is because, doubtless, my mind is too much on my work. Just think, if I feel as mean as this with all this health-giving exercise, how could I live without it? I'm losing a little weight, but too much flesh is superfluous anyway.

Golf in the afternoon now. Walk to and from links. Also Indian clubs in evening before retiring. I sometimes wonder if they keep me awake. But I must freshen up a bit.

Saw my doctor to-day. "What you need," he said, "is more exercise. Your system demands it." As if I didn't know that. I must try and cut off another hour from business and take up tennis. They say it is great for one's liver.

I sometimes wonder if I am running down-hill. If I were not so systematic and persistent in keeping up my exercise, why I'd go all to pieces in no time. The trouble is that I don't take enough. I ought to be able to place myself in such superb physical condition each day that the business drain I would scarcely notice.

Got a lot of books to-day on physical culture. New ideas. Several forms of exercise I hadn't thought of. Also new ways of taking a bath. I must do something, as I am certainly not on the improve. Have lost nearly ten pounds in last two months.

It's no use. In spite of every effort, I fail continually. What my system demands is exercise, but I've tried every kind there is and can't seem to find just the right combination. I'm in bad shape, that's certain.

Well, I'll have to give up. I've made a fight for my life, but the strain has been too great. Henceforth I shall lie down calmly, and wait the end. At least I shall die in peace.

Yesterday I sat around all day and did absolutely nothing. It's fatal, of course, but I don't care now. I've made up my mind to face the end calmly. Slept a little better last night.

Strange to say, I am gaining in weight. Can't account for it.

Still taking it easy. Must say I feel stronger.

I'm getting well. Can it be that I have made a mistake?

I haven't taken a bit of exercise now for a month. Just look at me! At my bright eye! At

my color! I'm positively getting stout. No more golf! No more tennis! No more horseback riding! No more exercise! What I really needed was Rest.

The Wreck of the Hesperus Family

IT WAS old Farmer Hesperus
And his daughter, Milly May,
And they stood together hand in hand
In the middle of Broadway.

"O Father, I hear a raucous shout—
O Father, what can it be?"

"'Tis only a tall policeman, child,
Who waves his hand at thee."

"O Father, I hear the sound of wheels
And hoofs that loudly ring."

"It's one o' them there hansom cabs—
Gash-bish the durned old thing!"

"O Father, I see a cloud of dust
Sift o'er me, head to feet."

"It's one o' them dum fool White Wings
A-sweepin' off the street."

"But, Father, I smell an odd perfume—
O Father, what can it mean?"

"Don't fly into hy-stericks, child—
It's only gasolene."

"Nay, Father, I hear the cry, 'Look out!'
And fear is on my nerve."

"Gee-whizz! here comes an auto-car
A-puffin' round the curve!"

"O Father, I feel a dreadful bump—
What means that sickly thud?"
But the Father answered never a word,
For his mouth was full of mud.

Wallace Irwin.

Business

"WHERE are you going, my pretty
maid?"

"I'm going a-jilting, sir," she said.



Spaniel: I PLAY ENTIRELY BY EAR.
Pug: SO WOULD I IF I HAD YOUR EARS.



ROSES OF YESTERDAY

Yet Another Prophet

WE NOTICE in the New York Times that Mrs. Hetty Green says there is going to be a revolution in this country, "and the people are going to revolt against oppressions of the trusts. The streets will run with blood when the people are aroused."

"The people are gradually finding out about trusts, and when they realize a little more fully how they are ruining the chances of the people, there is going to be a revolution. It will be a deluge, I tell you."

This is interesting as showing how much quicker are the perceptions of the female millionaire than those of the male. Mr. Rockefeller never talks that way, nor Messrs. Morgan, Harriman, Rogers, Ryan, Belmont or influential members of the United States Senate.

Perhaps they don't know as much of the situation as Mrs. Green. Perhaps they do know, but cannot tear themselves away from the Golden Harvest.

Satisfied

IN THE taking of testimony, an Irishman, who was a witness, had been bullyragged (by the opposing counsel) to the extent that he left the room furious, and, after the meeting, declared: "He wud smash the bla-garrad in th' face."

The attorney, whose witness the Irishman was, mildly remonstrated, and said: "Why, Pat, if you would do that you would soon be sorry for it."

Pat meditated a few seconds and then replied:

"Woll, whiniver Oi d' annything loike thot, thot Oi'm sorry for—Oi'm dom glad of it."

Areoplanes Are Coming

NEXT year," says M. Santos-Dumont, "people will be able to go to the seashore in their areoplanes. It will become the fad, and the commencement of a new industry."

Golly!

But allowing that M. Dumont is over-enthusiastic in his expectations, it is the truth that the airship is coming along ahumming.

Let it come! It will take some of the strain off of the country roads, and will lighten the public burdens by accelerating the transmission of large estates from heir to heir, thus increasing the proceeds of inheritance taxes. The automobile is pretty good in this line, but the aeroplane will be better.

And the thing is really coming! Think of it! Flying machines that will fly!

M. Dumont says: "Men will drive areoplanes as they now drive automobiles." Some men will, maybe. It begins to be possible for persons of ordinary credulity to believe that much, and if you can believe that much where are you going to stop?

You needn't believe anything about it unless you like. Only keep eyes in your head to make sure they don't pop out at unexpected sights. Give the areoplane sharps a little more time, and they will do the rest.



"I TELL YOU, SHORTY, DAT WOMAN HAS RUINED ME LIFE!"





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Another Boost for the Native Stage



MR. LOSEE

NOT but a very little while ago it was usual for writers on dramatic topics to inquire about the advent of the writer of "the great American play" and to point out that it wasn't necessary for our dramatists to go to the Middle Ages or foreign climes for material for the American stage. The "great" American play has perhaps not yet been written, but our dramatists are doing very nicely, thank you, and, best of all, are recognizing the value of the material ready to their hands, both in the America of the past and the America of the present. Another flattering symptom of the situation is that all classes of American theatre-goers are recognizing that American plays by American authors are quite as worthy of their interest and patronage as the works which have just met the approval of London or Paris. Even the snobbish Americans who

could stomach nothing that dealt with characters other than those chosen from the French or British nobility, and could find no merit in a play unless it bore the name of Sardou, Pinero or some of their foreign contemporaries, have come to be interested in native plots and characters provided by native dramatists. They have learned that the *Kits*, *Shingles*, *Slotes* and *Crocketts* of earlier days have given way to characters no less American but equally native and more worthy of their polite attention and cultivated interest.

* * *

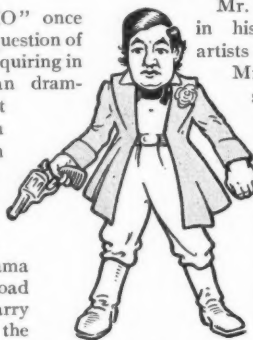
THE latest of these American plays is thoroughly American, although it derives much of its brilliant coloring and picturesque from a semiforeign element. Without the Spanish-American sensitiveness and impulsiveness, "The Rose of the Rancho" would have given little basis to the plot of Mr. Tully, and without the Spanish atmosphere there would be little inspiration for the delightful stage pictures Mr. Belasco provides. In fact, the southern California of 1846, although it had just become territory of the United States, was a foreign land in its customs, costumes and climate. While the authors have made a thoroughly American play, they have been aided theatrically by adjuncts not utilized by their fellow-dramatists in the American field.

* * *

"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO" once more answers triumphantly the question of those who so short a time ago were inquiring in despairing tones for the American dramatist and the American play. Its plot hinges entirely on a technicality in American law, and has to quote, on the programme, a decision of the United States Supreme Court to insure its credibility. This may be against the canons of those who hold that the drama should deal only with such broad facts and truths that they carry innate conviction, but even the most ordinary imagination can,



MISS STARR



MR. RICHMAN

in the present case, grant the truth of the premise without reference to the programme's historical and legal vouchers. The whole incident, however, is a rather bitter comment on a growing national tendency to make the highest law of the land fit exactly the demands of the popular desire of the moment. This seems to apply quite as well to-day to matters of socialistic and orthographic interest as it did in 1846 to the interests of the American land-grabbers who coveted the rich ranches of the Spanish descendants in California.

Hypercriticism might make the deadly charge, that as a play "The Rose of the Rancho" becomes melodramatic at moments. This is supposed by some authorities to be utterly damning when pronounced against a play produced off Third or Eighth avenues, but if we concede that real life also has its melodramatic episodes, especially in places and times where humanity is in somewhat primitive surroundings, the charge fails of its utterly destructive intention. It is not entirely a dramatic crime that a play should occasionally stir the blood of the spectator, and this "The Rose" certainly does.

It goes without saying that a play produced under Mr. Belasco's direction is bound to be uniquely staged. He has often been called a magician, but his creations deceive through something more than a momentary illusion. For some minutes after the first beautiful stage picture of the play strikes the eye there is absolutely no dramatic action. But by a series of apparently trivial occurrences the spectator loses practical, everyday self and is carried into the state of dreamy and almost poetical feeling where the author wishes him to be for the purpose of his story. From that on he not only knows but feels the atmosphere and the habits of the place and time. The stirring incidents that follow come on him in something the same way that they touched the persons of the drama. This is a psychologic process that transcends the power of the mere scene-painter or light-controller or stage-manager and ranks its originator equal to if not above the creator of the spoken lines or the artist who delivers them. It largely justifies Mr. Belasco against the unsubstantiated charge that he writes no part of plays to which his name is appended as part author, even if that charge rested on good proof.

* * *

THE play brings into high prominence an artist hitherto unknown to fame. If Frances Starr never acts another part than that of *Juanita*, her name should be remembered long in that embodiment of arch-coquetry. Dainty and pretty in person, graceful in movement and repose, musical of voice and eloquent of look, clever with her Americanism and passionate in love and temper with her Spanish blood, she seems born to a role which it seems equally must have been created for her.

Mr. Belasco has also been successful in his selection and training of the artists in the other parts of the large cast.

Mr. Losee's *Padre Antonio* is the sleepest and kindest of churchly fathers, Mr. Revelle is entirely the handsome and indolent hidalgo and Mr. Richman a thoroughly manly and humor appreciating young American Government official. Mr. Cope's *Kinkaid*, the "land jumper," was sufficiently American and grasping to give a hint as to the ancestry of certain members of the present millionaire plunderbund. The minor parts were filled with



MR. REVELLE



MR. COPE



THE CORAL NYMPHS AT THE HIPPODROME

equal good judgment even to the most unimportant member of *Kinkaid's* gang of marauders.

Mr. Belasco has triumphed again, and not the least of his accomplishment is his introduction of Frances Starr to a leading place on the American stage.

* * *

MYTHOLOGY may now take a back seat. At the Hippodrome the Shuberts have the birth of Venus, Undine, the Mermaids, the Lorelei and all the other damp ladies of fable and tradition, to use a colloquialism, "skinned to death." Not only do we see a score of comely young women and a very much alive Boston bull-terrier come directly through actual, deep, wet water and without losing a crimp from their blond tresses, but they move about, sing, disappear through the same moist medium and then return, apparently at will. These ladies could safely live in Jersey and do their New York shopping without the terrors of a ferry or a tunnel. They will doubtless all become commuters' brides at the expiration of their present submarine engagements.

This very remarkable water trick is only one feature in the new entertainment at the Hippodrome. It is preceded by a sort of indoor Wild West show done with considerably more precision and finish than is possible out-of-doors. The tank miracle is part of the spectacular production called "Neptune's Daughter," a gorgeous combination of glitter, music and ballet. The last is based on things under the sea instead of, like last year's ballet, on the flowers. This gives ample opportunity for striking,

original and brilliant costumes, and for magnificent groupings, marches and stage pictures.

The Hippodrome entertainment still continues the biggest and most gorgeous thing of its kind in America, and the new management continues the former policy of giving an extravagant amount of amusement for a very moderate amount of money.

Metcalfe.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Academy of Music—Mr. Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King." The biblical story of David and Jonathan well presented in theatrical form.

Astor—Charles Klein's "The Daughters of Men." The relations of labor and capital discussed in an interesting play.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and R. W. Tully. See opposite.

Bijou—May Irwin in "Mrs. Wilson-Andrews." Always the same wholesome, laughter-inspiring goddess of mirth.

Casino—Mr. James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon." Musical play with the customary aggregation of beauty in mounting and chorus girls.

Empire—"His House in Order." Mr. Pinero's latest pictures of English life agreeably interpreted, with Mr. John Drew as the star.

Garden—Last week but one of the excellent production of Puccini's "Madam Butterfly" in English.

Garrick—"Clarice." Mr. William Gillette and talented company in very light comedy.

Hackett—"The Chorus Lady." Very up-to-date New York life amusingly portrayed, with Rose Stahl as the star.

Herald Square—Mr. Lew Fields and excellent company in "About Town" and very laughable burlesque of "The Great Divide."

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." See above.

Lincoln Square—"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" Amusing farcical comedy.

Lyric—Mrs. Fiske in "The New York Idea." Comedy satire on the American idea of matrimony. Excellently acted.

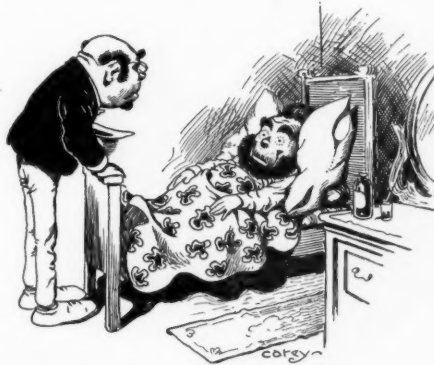
Madison Square—"The Three of Us." Good play of American life with Carlotta Nillson as the star. Admirably done in every particular.

Majestic—Last week of "The Tourists." Fairly amusing and handsomely mounted musical piece.

Manhattan—Last week of Grace George in Messrs. Hopwood and Pollock's "Clothes." Amusing comedy essay on the fondness of the sex for fine raiment.

Princess—"The Great Divide." Serious version of the burlesque at the Herald Square. Interesting play well done.

Weber's—Revival of "Twiddle-Twaddle" and "The Squaw Man's Girl of the Golden West." Fun and burlesque.



"HIS RIVERENCE WON'T BE BACK IN TOWN TILL TOMORROW MORNIN'."

"O'LL NOT LIVE TILL THEN. SEND FOR ALDERMAN FOLEY—HE MAY HOV SOME PULL."

THE LATEST BOOKS



BEFORE we consider Mr. George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life* let us definitely clear the decks by sending the children to bed. Mr. Moore's writings do not concern them. At least, not now. Of course a generation or so hence when, perhaps, his art has become a classic, it may be different. For in the Anglo-Saxon code of literary morals a classic, like a Queen, can do no wrong. But to return to the present, Mr. Moore's book is a wonderful series of pictures, each of which is made up of a mood and a memory. No artist who was master of but a single medium could have achieved them and Mr. Moore, who painted before he wrote, may be said to feel in oils and paint in words. His *Spring in London*, *Bring in the Lamp*, *Flowering Normandy* and *Sunday Evening in London*, to mention only those chapters in which this attribute is most pervasive, all show this writer-painter quality of self-revelation through the identification of external nature with the internal man. So much for the moods. The memories are, one and all, exquisitely delicate "indelicacies." To the artist they will prove true because they are beautiful. To the moralist they will prove beautiful because they are true. To the immoralist they will prove doubly abominable for both reasons.

Don-a-Dreams, by Harvey J. O'Higgins, (to step down somewhat abruptly from English literature to current fiction) is the intimate and informal biography of a boy who, neither understanding himself nor understood by his companions, works his way doggedly to the light of self realization. Boy and man Mr. O'Higgins' hero, and indeed his heroine, win and retain our liking and our interest, and his pictures of the bed-rock level of hand to mouth New York Bohemia are worthy of a place in the portfolio of American local color.

Some one recently referred to John W. Munson's *Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla* in my hearing as "great stuff,"

and I feel that I can not do better than to adopt the expression and pass it along. Mosby's guerrillas were "great stuff" in their day and when we have read Mr. Munson's story we know why and how. He knew these men and loved them. He loved the life and lived it. And he tells his story with the native art of an unaffected directness.

Edward Childs Carpenter's first novel, *Captain Courtesy*, is a pretty love story of early California; the tale of a gentleman outlaw playing Robin Hood among the old missions. Like most babies, this child of Mr. Carpenter's imagination has no features to speak of and bears a generic resemblance to its kind, but has the perennial allurements of youth, confident illusions and a pink and white complexion.

C. H. Forbes Lindsay's volume on *Panama* is one of those compilations which are the "Extra!!'s" of the book business. Its timeliness and its encyclopedic collection of desiccated and various information are its only recommendations. It contains a history of the Isthmus and of the numerous Isthmian canal projects, facts, figures, estimates and statistics of great scope and present interest. If most of its included maps were not so hopelessly poor it would be a convenient hand-book.

Beached Keels is a happy title for Henry M. Rideout's three stories, *Blue Peter*, *Wild Justice* and *Captain Christy*, respectively an idyll, a tragedy and a genre study which have for their common denominator a sailor ashore; unshipped mariners maneuvering, like dismounted cavalry, on unfamiliar ground. The quality and the contrast of these stories, each of which runs to something over a hundred pages, make them good companions for a winter's evening or an afternoon's travel.

The publishers of *The Incubator Baby*, by Ellis Parker Butler, say that the treatment of the story is "delicious." Per-

sonally we prefer to keep some of the English language for an emergency. *The Incubator Baby* is a mild satire on pseudo-scientific nursery methods and the vagaries of setting spinsters. It is amusing and well written but in no way unusual. If its author had not written *Pigs Is Pigs* it would not be mentioned here.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Memoirs of My Dead Life, by George Moore. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Don-a-Dreams, by Harvey J. O'Higgins. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla, by John W. Munson. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$2.00.)

Captain Courtesy, by Edward Childs Carpenter. (George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia.)

Panama, by C. H. Forbes Lindsay. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)

Beached Keels, by Henry M. Rideout. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The Incubator Baby, by Ellis Parker Butler. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$0.75.)

A Claim for "Claim"

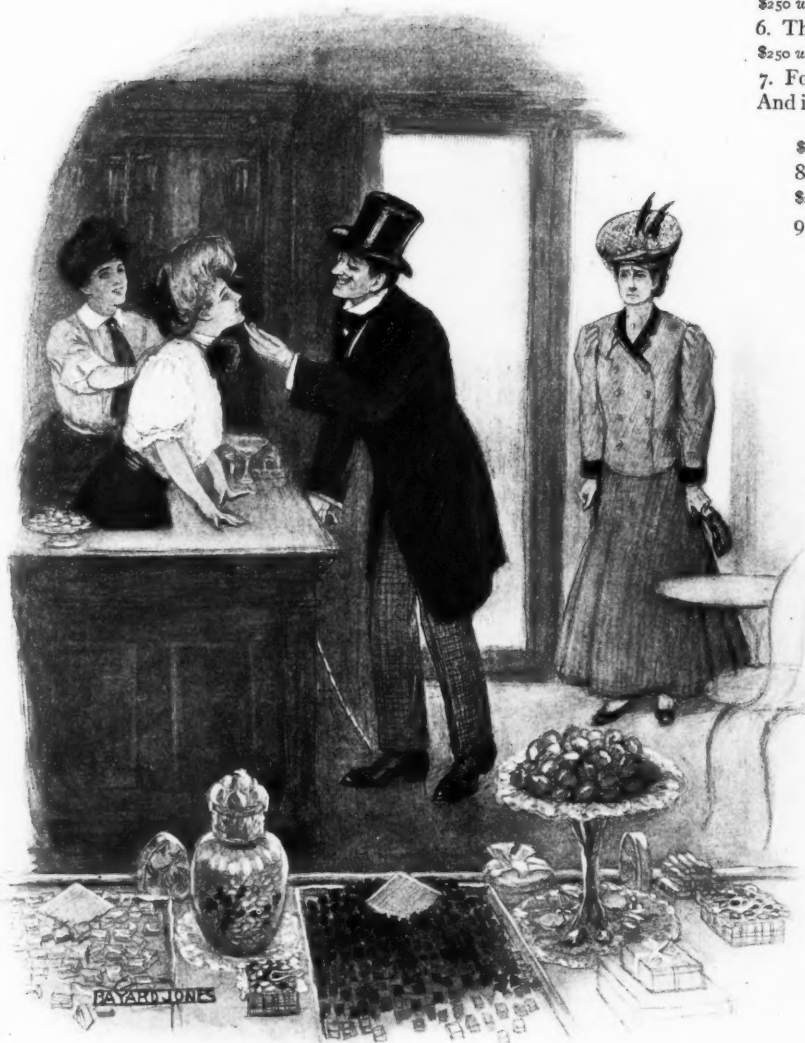
THE *London Chronicle* says that we Americans misuse the word "claim." "In the November *Harper's Magazine*," it complains, "an American accustomed to write good English assails us with this extraordinary phrase: 'He claimed to have lost his appetite.'"

Awful! but still the sentence quoted conveys a complex idea with brevity and precision. It is more than a mere statement. It is assertion geared to more or less expectation of incredulity or denial. In action one does not "claim" what is undisputed; he takes it. In speech one does not "claim" what is probable, but what is improbable and liable to be doubted or disputed.

"Claim" in the sense the *Chronicle* disapproves is hardly in good use as yet, and has humorous associations, but it does possess the merit of conveying concisely a complicated idea.



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OF INTEREST TO ARTISTS

Thirty-five Hundred Dollars in Awards

ARTISTS are invited to submit pictures illustrating one or more of the following quotations:

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

1. Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!

Burns.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

2. When lovely woman stoops to folly.
Goldsmith.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

3. God helps them that help themselves.
Benjamin Franklin.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

4. Knowledge is power. Lord Bacon.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

5. In the adversity of our best friends we
often find something which does not
displease us. de Rochefoucauld.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

6. Those who dance must pay the piper. Old Proverb.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

7. For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

Aaron Hill.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

8. None but the brave deserves the fair. Dryden.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

9. But ne'er the rose without the thorn. Herrick.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

10. But there's nothing half so sweet in
life

As love's young dream. Moore.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

11. Hope springs eternal in the human
breast. Pope.

\$250 will be paid for the best illustration of

12. In the Spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Tennyson.

Two hundred and fifty dollars will be paid for the best illustration of each quotation, the awards to be made by the editors of LIFE.

Five hundred dollars additional will be paid for the best of these twelve drawings. The method of awarding this prize will be announced later.

If one or more of the quotations should fail to inspire illustrations suitable for use in LIFE, there will in that particular case, or cases, be no award.

Illustrations and all correspondence concerning this contest must be addressed to The Quotation Editor of LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, and must be received not later than July 1, 1907. The awards will be made immediately after that date.

The illustrations may be made in any medium—line, wash, oils or color—although it should be borne in mind that they are to be reproduced in black and white; and they should also be of a size suitable for reduction to about thirteen inches wide by eight inches high.

Any artist may illustrate as many of the quotations as he pleases, and may send more than one illustration of any quotation.

The accepted and paid for illustrations, together with all rights of publication, become absolutely the property of LIFE.

Each illustration should bear the name and address of the artist and also the quotation it is intended to illustrate.

Artists should arrange for the return of unsuccessful illustrations, in case their return is desired.



A MODERN SOLOMON

Joseph Choate, the famous lawyer, related at a dinner party at Lenox some interesting reminiscences of the bar and bench. "A striking case," said Mr. Choate, "transpired in the sixties. It was a case of a workman who claimed to have lost the sight of his left eye in an explosion.

"There was no doubt about the explosion, and there was no doubt that the workman's eye had been injured; but the physicians claimed that he could see out of it, while he stoutly declared that the sight was utterly destroyed.

"The judge heard all the evidence pro and con. Then, sending the workman from the court-room, he said:

"Get a blackboard and write a sentence on it with green chalk. Also get a pair of spectacles with ordinary clear glass for the left eye and with red glass for the right."

"This, in the course of an hour or so, was done. Then the workman was brought back and he was ordered to put the queer glasses on.

"He put them on and the judge said to him:

"Turn the blackboard round and see if you can read what is written."

"The man read the sentence without hesitation, whereupon the judge said to him sternly:

"Your case is dismissed. You are an imposter. You must have read that sentence with your left eye, for the red glass over the right one turned the green writing black and made it quite invisible on the blackboard."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

Johnny's dog, Tige, was a nuisance. His pet theory must have been that all things were created to be destroyed—at least, so his practices indicated. Johnny's folks were anxious to be rid of Tige, and at last they decided to work upon the lad's affections with lucre.

"Johnny," said his father one day, "I'll give you five dollars if you'll get rid of that dog."

Johnny gasped at the amount, swallowed hard at thought of Tige, and said he would think it over.

The next day at dinner he made the laconic announcement: "Pa, I got rid of Tige."

"Well, I certainly am delighted to hear it," said the father. "Here's your money; you've earned it. How did you get rid of the nuisance?"

"Traded him to Bill Simpkins for two yellow pups," answered Johnny.—*Lippincott's*.

SUNDAY REST FOR BAKERS

"What, you want the Parisians to eat hard bread on Monday?"

"As hard as marble."

"Are you a fool?"

"No; I am a dentist."—*Translated from L'Illustration for The Literary Digest*.

THE FAITH OF A CELESTIAL

A Chicago gambler, whose first name was George, used to visit a Chinaman's establishment and smoke opium and gamble almost daily. One day he rushed into the place and said, excitedly: "Hip, loan me \$10. Thanks. I'll come in and pay you to-morrow noon, if I'm alive," and out he went with the money. About 3 o'clock the next afternoon a friend of the gambler dropped in on the Chinaman and said: "Hip, where is George to-day?" and the confiding Celestial wiped his eyes with the corner of his blouse and replied: "George, him dead."—*The Earth*.



"OH, WOE IS ME! I SEE BY THIS NATURAL HISTORY THAT I AM EXTINCT"

HIS HEARTBREAKING TASK

"Darling," said the bride, "I had a terrible feeling of sadness come over me this afternoon—a sort of feeling that you were doing something that would break my heart if I knew of it. Think, sweet, what were you doing, now, this afternoon at four o'clock?"

"Dearest," replied the husband tenderly and reassuringly, "at that hour I was licking stamps and pasting them on envelopes."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHILDREN

Mr. E. S. Martin says some pointed things about children in his essay on "The Mind of a Child" in the December *Harper's Magazine*, for which Elizabeth Shippen Green has painted some of her loveliest child pictures. These are a few of Mr. Martin's remarks:

"The littler they are, the better, because farther removed from the world that is ours, and deeper placed in their own world. A good baby radiates peace. Every one who is rightly constituted smiles at the sight of it.

"They are busy, they are cheerful; as a rule, they seem to be kind to one another. They are not bored, and unless the weather is insufferable, or they are sick, they are not depressed.

"What philosophers! What heroes! Is it strange that the attitude of an unperturbed child should be the Christian ideal?

"The great merit of children as companions lies in the breadth of their tolerations. They are easy to please, agreeable to most propositions, and not very critical.

"They do not 'know better'; that is one of their delightful traits. . . . Children will trust you, and that is one of the most gratifying compliments possible.

"In the company of children you have relief in considering what will pay. The things that they do, and prefer to do, do not pay, as a rule, except in the doing of them.

"Wise elders who are qualified to train the mind of a child are pretty scarce. The next best thing is the elder who is wise enough to respect the child's mind, and give it a chance to develop in a sympathetic atmosphere by its own natural processes."

HEREDITARY IRASCIBILITY

Herbert Bismarck had none of his father's bright wit in conversation, but had his overbearing temper and his mother's violent irascibility. She had the disposition of the Frankish woman as exemplified in Fredegunda, but held in check by modern conditions. Bismarck in anger was as terrible as a ferocious mastiff. She, far from restraining him, kept on saying: "Good dog; ts-s-s-s. Go at him (or at her); good dog; ts-s-s-s." or tantamount words. The mastiff that lay below the surface in Bismarck grew more and more infuriated, especially if the evening before he had eaten and drunk copiously. With these parents, Herbert, Jane and Bill Bismarck could not be expected to have courteous manners. Herbert, who was no stranger in Paris and whom the fond father hoped one day to send there as ambassador, was bulky, sullen and of a complexion that revealed an angry state of the blood. Gambetta said of him: "He reminds me of a limb of the law hardened to the work of laying on executions—in short, of a low-class bailiff (*recors*)."—*London Truth*.

USELESS

"Do you intend to inaugurate any great reforms this year, Senator?" asked the beautiful girl.

"No," replied the statesman. "My present term will not expire until 1909."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

FORCE OF HABIT

They were excavating Herculaneum.

"Who's got the franchise?" exclaimed the New York tourist. He explained later that he supposed, of course, it was a subway scheme.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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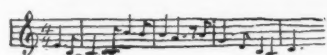
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BIBLE READING IN MISSOURI

Colonel John Cosgrove, afterward Congressman from the Boonville district, was especially distinguished as an advocate before a jury. Defending a client accused of some crime, Colonel Cosgrove in an eloquent climax shouted:

"What does the State's attorney expect? Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still, and have it obey?"

Judge James W. Draffen, lawyer for the opposition, interrupted:

"May it please your Honor," he said, addressing Judge James E. Hazell, who was on the bench, "I object to Colonel Cosgrove's misquoting Scripture."

"I beg pardon," blandly replied Colonel Cosgrove. "I forgot for the moment that it was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still."

And this statement went unchallenged.—*Kansas City Star*.

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CALIFORNIA GALLANTRY

"They told me the story of a well-known gentleman of San Francisco, who, charging through all the smoke and flames and litter on the first day of terror, came upon a fashionable lady of his acquaintance trudging along the middle of the street in her bedroom slippers with a window curtain thrown over her shoulders. He stopped his automobile to offer her his assistance, explaining at the same time that the auto was all he had saved out of the wreck and even that had been commandeered by the soldiery.

"I, too, have lost all," she sighed.

"All but your beauty," said he, with a courtly bow.

"And you all but your gallantry," she retorted, smiling.—*Sunset Magazine*.

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INFORMED

"Corporations are crushing you!" shouted the candidate, evoking applause.

"They are soulless and sordid dodgers," he continued. "I know whereof I speak."

"Sure you do," came a voice from the audience; "I tried to serve papers on one of yours once."

Of course, they ejected the disturber forthwith.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A GOOD PATIENT

FIRST PHYSICIAN: Has he got an hereditary trouble?

SECOND PHYSICIAN: Yes. I hope to hand his case down to my son.—*Harper's Bazar*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

THE CENSUS TAKER: Your name, mum?

"I don't know."

"Beg pardon, mum?"

"I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this State. In several States it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three States it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name."

"This your residence, mum?"

"I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighboring State, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband."

"Then you're married at present?"

"I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts; divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma and California; a bigamist in three other States, and a single woman in eight others."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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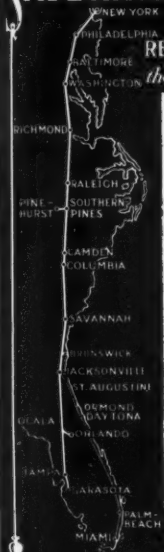
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Some Cat Superstitions

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE showed a morbid horror of cats. The night before the battle of Waterloo a black cat passed near him, and at the sight the great warrior was completely unnerved. He saw an omen of defeat. Henry III of France swooned whenever he saw a cat, and one of the Ferdinands of Germany would tremble in his boots if a harmless tabby got in the line of his vision.

Among the Romans the cat was a symbol of liberty. The Egyptians held the animal in veneration under the name of *Ælurus*, a deity with a human body and a cat's head. Whoever killed a cat, even by accident, was put to death. Diana assumed the form of a cat and excited the fury of the giants.—*London Mirror*.

Letting by Pin and Candle

THE old custom of letting premises by the aid of a candle and pin has been observed at Padworth, a village between Reading and Newbury. The candle was lighted and a pin stuck into it. Then bids were called for until the pin, owing to the heat of the candle, dropped out. J. T. Strange secured the tenancy with an offer of £7.—*London Evening Standard*.

A Matter of Climate

AN ENGLISHMAN resident in Persia fell into a discussion with a neighbor there, says Napier Malcolm in his book on Persia, over the native tendency to lying. He insisted that lying was a sin.

"It is all very well for a *Ferangi* [an Englishman] to say that," replied the Persian. "But the fact is, they cannot tell lies and we can. It is entirely a matter of climate."

"In that case Persians ought to speak the truth," said the Englishman. "One of the ancient Greek historians declared that Persians were remarkable for their truth-telling."

"That is very true," said the native. "But who does not know that the climate of a country changes entirely in two thousand years?"—*Youth's Companion*.

A Cautious Doctor

"DOCTOR, something is the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is a perfect blank, and my memory constantly fails me. I wish you would treat me."

"I will. But in view of the peculiar nature of your case I shall want my fee in advance."—*Baltimore Telegram*.

O'Hare's Status

THE Rev. Samuel McCoomb told a story of one of the choicest Irish bulls on record last evening. An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, stopped to inquire of an Irishman who lived in a certain house they were just passing.

The Irishman replied: "That is Mr. O'Hare's house, and if he had lived until to-morrow he would be one week dead."—*Boston Record*.

A Singer's Lungs

THE singer at the end of the practice aria panted heavily.

"I sang one hundred and ninety-six notes that time," he said, "without once taking breath."

"Indeed! That must be a record."

"No. The record is held by Courtice Pounds. Pounds sang three hundred and sixteen notes without respiration in 1898. The record previous to that was held by Farinelli, with three hundred notes. Norman Salmond has sung two hundred and eighty-seven notes in this way.

"It is wonderful what lungs trained singers have. The average man could hardly sing fifty notes without breathing, whereas to the singer two hundred would be nothing."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

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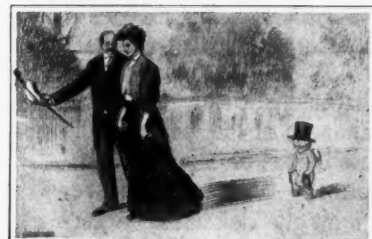
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Books Received

The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin, by Emilia Padro Bazan. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.)

At the Emperor's Wish, by Oscar King Davis. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.25.)

Saints in Society, by Margaret Baillie-Saunders. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Giants, by Mrs. Fremont Older. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

On the Field of Glory, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Vivien, by W. B. Maxwell. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The Wheat Princess, by Jean Webster. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Weight of the Crown, by Fred M. White. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

Time, the Comedian, by Kate Jordan. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

A Daughter of the South, by George Cary Eggleston. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)

In the Shadow, by Henry C. Rowland. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

The House of Merriles, by Archibald Marshall. (Herbert B. Turner and Company, Boston.)

Ground Arms! by Baroness Bertha von Suttner. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.25.)

The Young Man and the World, by Albert J. Beveridge. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Cecilia's Lovers, by Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Widdicombe, by M. P. Willcocks. (The John Lane Company.)

Hearts' Haven, by Katharine Evans Blake. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Yolanda, by Charles Major. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

My Sword for Lafayette, by Max Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Undying Past, by Hermann Sudermann. (The John Lane Company.)

Pipetown Sandy, by John Philip Sousa. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

The Vine of Sibmah, by Andrew Macphail. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Young O'Briens, by the author of *Elizabeth's Children*. (The John Lane Company.)

Marcelle the Maid, by Seth Cook Comstock. (D. Appleton and Company.)

The Scarlet Empire, by David M. Parry. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Colonial Administration, by Paul S. Reinsch. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Saint, by Antonio Fogazzaro. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Sunrise Acres, by Benjamin Brace. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Divining Rod, by Francis N. Thorpe. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The Flower of France, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Invisible Bond, by Eleanor Talbot Kinkead. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)

Constantinople, painted by Warwick Goble and described by Alexander van Milligen. (The Macmillan Company. \$6.00.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel, by Baroness Orczy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

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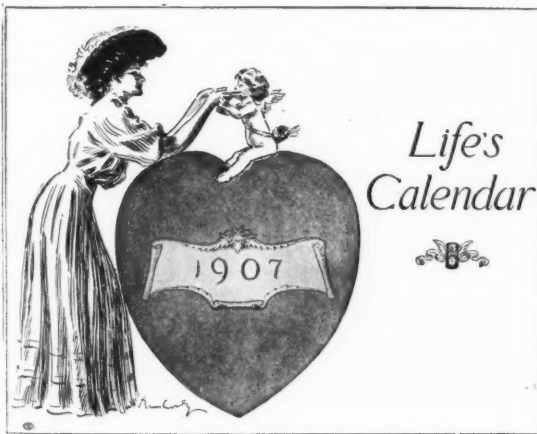
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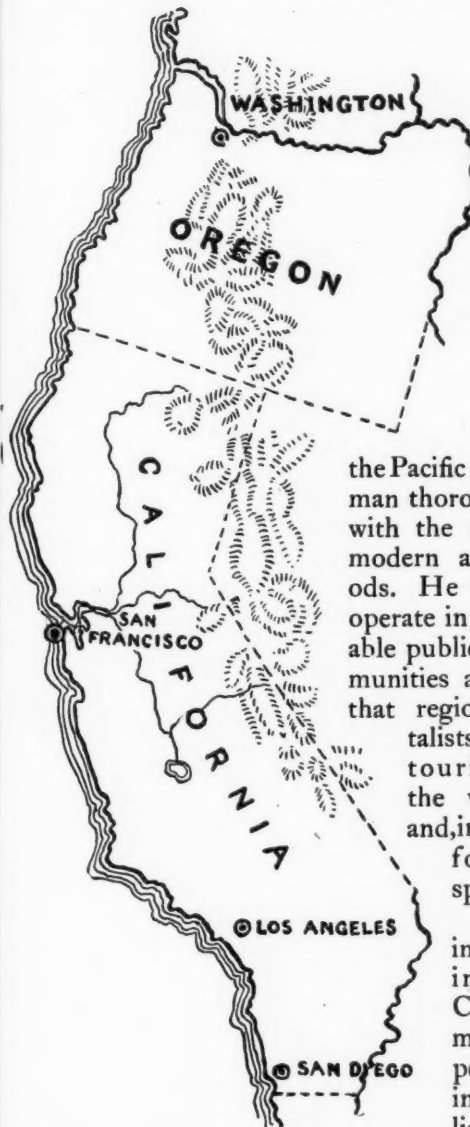
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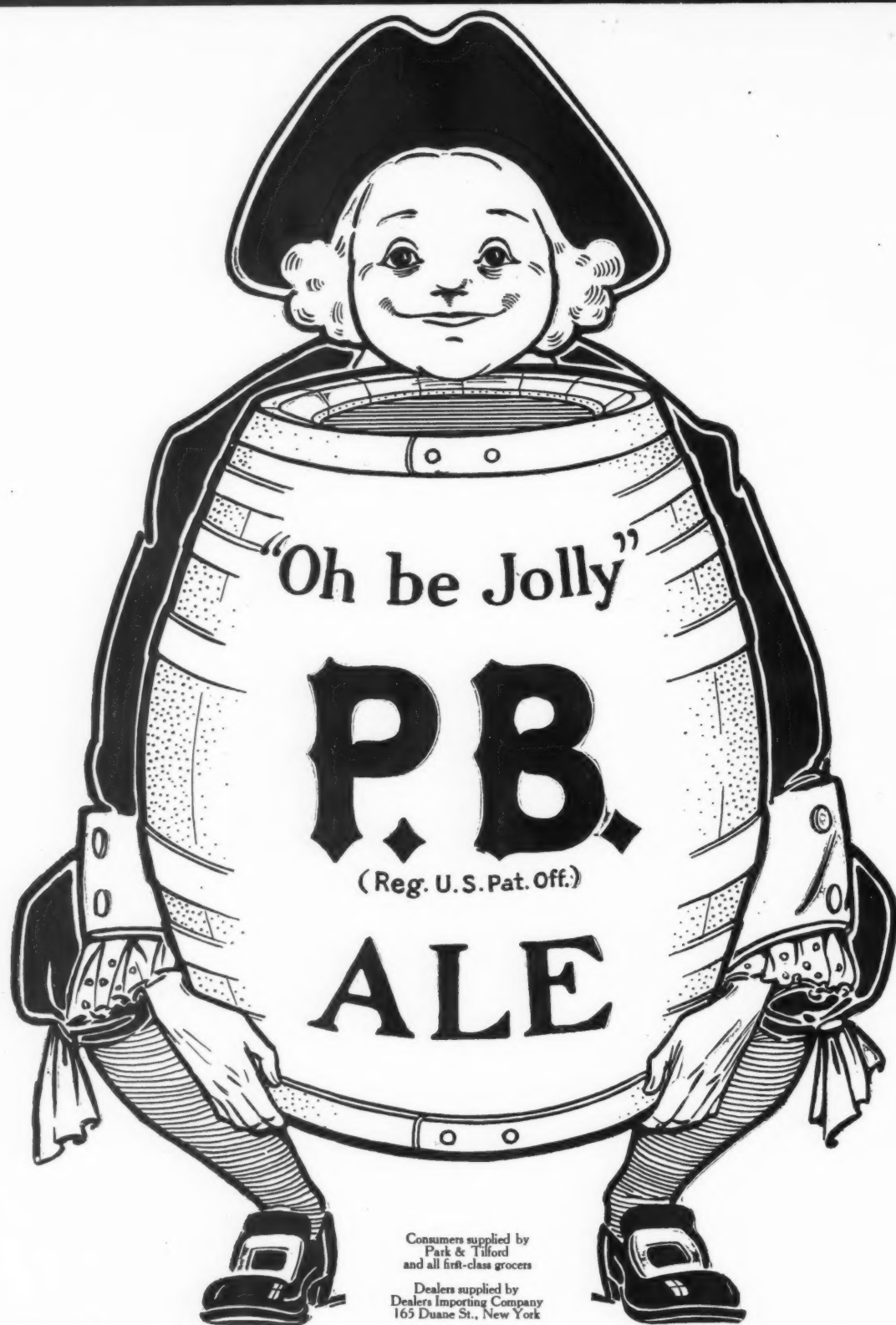
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